

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Beast, tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pirrhys*, hee
whose sable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When hee lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is hee totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streetes
Than lend a tirranous and a damned light
To their Lords murder, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandfire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and
Play. Anon he finds him (good discretion,

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhys at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
Th'vnerued father falls:

Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopest to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhys* care, for lo his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhys* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as wee often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anone the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhys* pause,
A rowled vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhys* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out

Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and folles from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As slowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ha. It shal to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's
for a lig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a woe, had scene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatening the flames
With *Bison* rhume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lank and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.
Who this had scene, with tongue in venom steeped,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounc'd;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirrhys* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vlesse thing; mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods,

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has teares
in's eyes prethee no more,

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his
desert, and who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne
honour and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more meritt is
in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ha. Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow; dost thou
here